Oposite Day

by Taxman

Summary: What the title says.... Super funny, please review. No, it's not a top ten list. I took a break =)

Oposite Day

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"BWAHHHHAAA!!" Voldemort yelled as he stepped closer to Harry. Harry sunk back into the wall with fear. He was going to be incinerated in his fourth year.

"You will not escape this time, Potter." He cackled. Harry thought quickly. When he couldn't come up with any Cliched lines from movies, he decided to use the old "Make 'em laugh" trick.

"Hey, Voldie!" Harry said loudly. "How about a joke?" Voldemort was about to shoot something very green and un-friendly looking at Harry, when he stopped.

"What kind of joke?" He said, putting his wand to Harry's throught. "It better not be about my mother!"

"No no! It's about you, and it's nice!" Voldemort smiled.

"About me? Really? I've never been in a joke before!" He clapped his hands, and put his wand away. Harry then spoke.

"Why did Voldemort let Harry run away?"

"I don't know- so he could catch him and kill him?"

"No. Guess again."

"I give up."

"So he could live!" Harry started laughing, and Voldemort did

to.

"HA HA HA! That was great! So he could live! HA HA HA!" Voldemort
didn't notice Harry inching away in the darkness. He broke into a
run, and escaped from The Chamber of Secrets, now an amusment park.
Harry ran into the castle, and sunk into a chair into the Gryffindor
common room, panting. Nobody was around. Probably asleep, he thought.
So he walked upstairs into his dorm, but saw an extra person there.
He had a red hat on, and America's all time favorite killer sadistic
rat, Pikachu.

"He he! That was fun! Thanks, Ron!"

"Don't mention it, Ash. You're a lot better friend than that Harry
Potter." They all started laughing.

"He thinks he's so special," Neville said. Harry felt steam comming
out of his nose. His ran full-speed to the beds, and smacked Ash on
the head with his wand. He fell of unconsious. All of the boys ran up
concerned to Ash.

"You!" Ron yelled at Harry. "What did he do to you, Scarhead?" This
was a little too much for Harry. He took his
wand.

"SOMEREALLYCOMPLICATEDSPELLTHATSGONNAHURTYOUBAD!" Flames shot out of
Harrys wand, and there was a big explosion. The whole dorm was
incinerated. The boys stood there, bits of ash from the flames on
their faces. Their cloths were only SEVERLY burned. Harry walked out
of the common room. What was up with them? Were they having a bad
day? Harry decided to go see Hermione. She wasn't in the library. She
was in the girls dorm, listening to Britnet Spears with the other
girls.

"Hit me baby one more time!" Hermione shouted. Harry walked up to
her. He was going to ask her what she was doing, when she "Tai Bo"
punched him in the stomach.

"OOOOOF!" He shouted, as she turned around and delivered a kick in
his face. He fell back on the ground.

"Hermione-" He panted, wiping his cut lip. "Why did you just beat the
snot out of me?" She turned and faced him.

"What are you doing here, Scarhead?!" She shouted. "You don't belong
here. Just leave, before I send the girls over." Harry backed away,
out of the dorm. Ok, he thought, spitting out a tooth that had been
knocked out. What are Ron and Hermione doing? And why do they call me
Scarhead? He thought maybe the teachers would see different. He was
about to go into Defense Against The Dark Arts, when he bumped into a
gleaming toothed wizard. It was Gilderoy Lockhart! Thank god! Harry
thought. Someone who won't make fun of me!

"Hello sir." Harry said happily. Lockhart looked at him
angrily.

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO THROW IT IN MY FACE!!!!" He shouted. "SO WHAT IF
YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME?! I HAVE FEELINGS TOO!!!!!" He ran off crying.
People were comming out of the halls, looking at Harry.

"How could you do this to a sweet man like Lockhart?" Cho said to him. The others nodded in agreement.

"YEAH!"

"WE'LL SHOW YOU!" They all started advancing on Harry.

"People," He said nervously, searching for a way out. "Lets just settle this in a peacefull way. Like maybe in chess?"

"That's an idea," Cho said thoughtfully. "But, we'd rather beat you up." Running time. Harry sprinted off, as the crowd of people chased meniacly after him. He didn't know where to go, or where to hide. Was he about to be trampled to death in his fourth year? They all were ahead of him now. They were about to pounce, when Harry held out a hand.

"WAIT!" He shouted. "How about a magic trick first?" They all started smilling.

"There's such thing as magic?" A Ravenclaw said. What a bunch of idiots, Harry thought.

"Ahh, you're a stupid one, aren't you?" He nodded. Harry took out his wand, and pointed it at the crowd.

"This," He said dramaticly. "Is the trick I like to call "Harry hurts everyone so they can leave him alone!" They all looked eager. He took out his
wand.

"SOMEREALLYREALLYCOMPLICATEDSPELLTHATISGOINGTOMAKETHECROWDGETOUCHED!" A blast of thunder came out of his wand, and it headed for the crowd.

"TZZZZZZZZ!!!!!!" People were fired, their hair sticking up. The whole hall was destroyed. I don't even want to mention the kid that was using the drinking fountain. Harry ran off, and the people stupidly cheered. He was free! He ran down the corridoors, and felt himself smack into someone else. It was
Snape.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!" Harry shouted. Snape was not angry. He was happy. His face beamed.

"Ah, Potter! So nice to bump into you! C'mon! Let's go play Hopscotch with Malfoy!" He skipped him to the courtyard, where Malfoy, Crabbe and Goyle were jumping rope.

"HI!" Malfoy shouted. "C'mon Harry! I'ts your turn!" He pushed him in. Goyle started spinning it. Harry had never jump roped. He kept getting whacked in the face, until he strted to get mad.

"I want to stop playing now." They looked at him.

"Please, Potter!" The all pleaded. If Harry turned away, they would get him. So he needed to use Plan B. Destroy them. God, He thought, as he took out his wand. Everyone is acting the oposite that they usually do. And then it hit him. It was opposite day! That's why everyone was acting so different. Harry sighed. But he still needed

to hurt Snape and Malfoy. He wanted to. He took out his wand.

"THESPELLTHATISGOINGTOHURTSOMUCHTHATYOUWILLNEVERFEELITSOBEITISHALLDEST ROYYOUDOUBLEWHAMMYSNICKERS!

The blast was phenomenal. Purple rays the size of continents flew at them. They were engulfed in them, and Harry couldn't see what was happening. Several portraits were falling down. He ran towards the dorms again. Up to Hermione. Lesson time. You know the drill. Hermione and her friends lay crippled on the floor as Harry walked to his burnt-to-a-crisp one. The others were still in shock. Harry got into his bed (The only one that wasn't harmed) and went to sleep.

Harry woke up in the morning. Oposite day was over! He cheered, getting out of bed. None of the boys were there. He must have slept in. He walked down the Great Hall. It was all empty. He had gotten revenge on everyone there. Did it hurt them that? He walked to the breakfast table, and was shocked to see that it was crammed with people. People with casts and bandages. People with mean looks on their eyes. People with wands.

"Oh, Harry....." Ron said, along with Hermione. "Can we talk to you?"

"Uh-oh........."

The end?

A/N: I really hoped you like this one, because I loved writing it. I'm sure you'll all glad I took a break from the top ten lists. Well, I a too, sorta. Well, I hope you liked it, and please review. I might do a sequel..... Poor Harry!

End
file.